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PRICE TWO CENTS.

GRANDPA LICKSHINGLE'S MOST GLORIOUS FOURTH.

BY ROBERT W. CRISWELL.

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"Did I ever tell you about that Fourth of July celebration, includin' fireworks, which I planned for the boys out in the oil country just after the civil war?" asked Grandfather Lickshingle.

It seemed to be the consensus of the crowd that this was one story grandfather had not done us the honor to relate. At the same time it was gently urged upon him that it would be a hardship to ransack his memory for the facts that we did not feel like asking him to entail upon himself.

"I notice that you emphasize the word 'facts,'" said grandfather, "and it is very proper that you should, for I deal only in facts. As for the hardship you mention in ransacking my memory's cells for them, I pray you to give yourself no uneasiness. I am simply saturated with facts. It is a fact that facts ooze out of my pores until you might take me for a factotum, as it were. In addition to this I regard it a solemn duty I owe to my country to narrate this great historical truth for the reason that it is a chapter in the history of American independence that every patriot and every citizen, includin' the Filipinos, should know."

It was evident that grandfather was not to be discouraged from his intention to relate his Fourth of July story.

"It was this way," he began. "The war had just closed, and this seemed to me to be of itself a sufficient reason why that particular Fourth of July should be worthy of the occasion and the whole country. I had been attending Fourth of July celebrations all my life, but they always struck me as pernicious and cheap—a few artificial fireworks, worse than artificial oratory, a great deal of noise and smoke, and that was all."

"The oil country, the greater part of which I owned, offered such magnificent facilities for pyrotechnics and that sort of thing that I made up my mind to give the people a celebration the like of which they had never dreamed and somethin' their children and their children's children would remember while memory holds a seat in this distracted globe, as Shakespeare says."

We interrupted grandfather at this point to ask if he still owned the larger part of the oil country.

"No; not exactly. You see, the Standard Oil trust has managed to squeeze in and secure quite a snug little interest in oil. I don't know exactly how much oil property of one kind and another I have permitted Mr. Rockefeller and his friends to possess, but it is considerable at least. But at the time of which I speak I had not made up my mind to divide with any one. I was the Brierie armed monopoly, the hydra headed trust, the octopus—the whole shootin' match!"

"This bein' the situation, I began to spread myself for the celebration. Nero had burned towns to illuminate his festivities, but it was on a broader scale



THE NEW FOURTH OF JULY AS VIEWED FROM MARS.

My hopes and ambitions realized? Well, listen. This is no story with a 'and—then—I woke—up!' at the end of it. First one of my wells came in spoutin' 3,000 barrels of oil a day and fairly shakin' 'Hurrab for the Fourth of July!' Then another came in spoutin' 8,000 barrels. Then another spoutin' 4,000 barrels. Then another spoutin' well. I saw that things were comin' my way. I sent out my invitations to friends in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Harrisburg, Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Elmira, Scranton and dozens of other cities and towns, includin' of course, Kokomo and Kalamazoo. As fast as steam and rail could fetch my guests they were on hand. The whole country was simply black with people flockin' to the Lickshingle celebration. The Paris exposition of 1900? It wdn't be in it. My guests kept pourin' in.

"In the meantime my oil wells and gas wells and turpentine wells kept comin' in by twos, by threes, by dozens, by trooops. And every one of 'em was a spouter, a snorter, a Vesuvius. I never saw so much oil. Oil was everywhere. It was spoutin' sky high. It was fillin' the valleys. It was pacin' the universe. More sightseers kept comin'. Hotels, boardin' houses, fairinouses, opera houses, meetin' houses, schoolhouses, were full and overflowin'. And my oil wells kept comin' in. Every 15 minutes I struck oil. Such an cleaginous era the world had never seen."

"The next day was the Fourth of July. The last of my wells reached the pay streak and came in with a roar like Niagara, and yet with a harmonious sound, and, listenin' closely, you could detect in the noise of the escapin' oil and gas the strains of 'Yankee Doodle'."

It was suggested to grandfather that it must have been a magnificent spectacle to see these scores and hundreds of wells spouting their product to heaven.

"Why, that was no spectacle at all. That wasn't what I had prepared for my tens of thousands of admirin' friends. It was this whole aggregation and concatenation touched off with a fiery bomb—this world of oil on fire—that I had invited them there to behold and marvel at."

"The next day, as I said, was to be the Fourth of July. Like the man with the cattle on the thousand hills, I assembled my friends on the mountain tops to witness the grandest, sublimest, most awe-inspirin' illumination and fireworks that ever was or ever will be beheld until the mornin' stars sing together."

"My thousands upon thousands of friends were crowded together on the hills tiptoe with expectation. I had my shotgun charged, from which I was to shoot blazin' balls into one of the spoutin' wells and thus ignite the whole ball of wax, so to speak. It was a conception worthy of the greatest brain that ever throbbed. Xerxes, Alexander, Caesar—none of the old boys—was ever stirred with such a gigantic thought. And it was all my own. The fever of expectancy rose in my friends on the hills until I could hear their pulses beat like trip hammers. The air was so heavy with hush that an eagle got stalled in it and fell strugglin' at my feet. An eagle—the bird of freedom! The bird of the Fourth of July! Was it an omen? I shivered."

"I took from my pocket a bit of paper upon which I had scribbled some notes and jotted down some statistics from which I proposed makin' a few remarks suitable to the occasion. Judge of my surprise of my amazement, of my horror, to find in the first glance of my data, that in the excitement and patriotic fervor of the occasion we had actually allowed the Fourth of July to slip by, and that it was then about the 10th. No wonder the eagle fell. No wonder I shivered. The discovery paralized me. I was cold. I was numb. I was petrified."

"As soon as I could pull myself together I realized that it would never do to be so much behindhand with a Fourth of July celebration. We would be the laughin' stock of the civilized and baronous worlds. Of course I stayed my hand from touchin' the match, so to say. I patted the stock of my shotgun and thanked my glitterin' stars that I had made its discovery before I pulled the trigger. My next duty, a painful one though it was, was to notify my friends. I leaped on my horse and galloped among them like a rough rider goin' to war, and explained to them the terrible dilemma in which I found myself. I shouted at the top of my voice that we had allowed the Fourth of July to slip by; that it was now the 10th, and maybe the 12th; that it would not do to inflict a chestnut, a burnin' chestnut, a roasted chestnut, on a critical world. I shouted my regrets through a megaphone until the hills and valleys were replicate with the same. Even the vaulty heavens gave back my vociferations: 'It's the 10th, it's the 10th, or maybe the 12th! I regret, I regret!'

"It breaks my heart to say it, but my friends and admirers did not grasp my meaning. I then galloped through the crowd like a rough rider."

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I tried to shout fresh explanations through the megaphone, but the mob howled me down and swore that they would shove the fog horn down my venerable throat, big end first. The situation was somethin' appalling. It was enough to turn a sorrel horse gray in a single night. To have my motives impugned after a lifetime of sobriety and probity was enough to rive my heart. The pain was intensified thousandfold when my misguided and infuriated friends and admirers howled out the declaration that I did not fire the wells because I was savin' the oil, runnin' it in tanks and dippin' it in barrels with a view to sellin' it for \$6 a barrel. Givin' to my actions a mercenary, money grabbin' bias cut me like a razor slash. I could not deny that I had my Persian army of employees savin' the oil, and it was also true that the market price of oil at that time was \$6, or maybe a little risin' of \$6.

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"It breaks my heart to say it, but my friends and admirers did not grasp

"Would I have fired all these wells? As heaven is my judge, I would! I would have funeral pyred myself and incinerated every mother's son of these friends and admirers until the ashes of the whole pack of 'em wouldn't have filled a snuffbox."

"Don't I think it was a pity to disappoint all these people—these fire worshippers, as one might say? Whose fault was it that they were disappointed? Great General Jackson, I hope you don't think it was mine!" and grandfather was purple with rage. He fumed and kicked and stabbed the floor with his hickory cane and cried out:

"I didn't make the days to gallop by like that. I'm no calendar maker. I'm no Pope Gregory or Julian Caesar or Copernicus or any other almanac man. What became of the craven crowd? I am glad you asked that. I pulled out my watch and held up three fingers. When three minutes were ticked off, I started after 'em hot foot. I charged 'em as at another San Juan hill. I chased 'em like a lot of rabbits, and at the end of an hour there wasn't one of 'em to be found in ten states. Wow. wow."

"It looked like apoplexy. The doctor said it wasn't serious and would soon pass off. 'Grandfather,' said the doctor, 'has simply been overcome by too much veracity.'

THE SUNRISE GUNS FROM LUZON TO PORTO RICO.

BY SAMUEL HUBBARD.

[A pen and pencil diagram of our first all-round-the-world Fourth.]

"Thirteen guns at sunrise!" That is the historic sound that ushers in the Fourth of July, and in this year of grace 1899 the roar of sunrise guns will be heard, with some little stretches of the imagination, continuously half way around the world. From Manila to Porto Rico our possessions cover 180 degrees of longitude, Manila being 120 degrees east and Porto Rico 60 degrees west longitude, reckoning from Greenwich, the difference of time being 12 hours. When it is "high noon" at Manila, it is the previous midnight at Porto Rico.

When the "13 guns at sunrise" are thundering from Dewey's ships and Otis' batteries their welcome to Independence day at Manila, the sun of July 3 has just set in Porto Rico, and the patriots of that fair island, who lately came voluntarily and with enthusiasm under the protecting folds of Old Glory, are looking forward to the celebration of their first Fourth on the morrow.

When 12 hours after it has been at Manila, our new possessions in the orient, the sun rises out of the Atlantic and greets the Port Ricans in our new possession in the Antilles. It is welcomed by the morning guns resounding from the former Spanish fortresses, and the celebration of American independence is begun by people who were lately emancipated from monarchical thralldom. Half an hour later the morning cannonading is taken up at Eastport, Me., the eastern point of the original thirteen states of the Union. The sound reverberates down through New England, and in half an hour New York catches the first glimpse of the morning sun, and her 13 guns belch forth a welcome to the nation's natal day. As the

sun advances in New York and the festivities progress the boomin' of the sunrise guns continues to be heard across the continent from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific slope. Chicago fires her 13 guns an hour after their roar has died away in the eastern metropolis, and in another hour Denver takes up the refrain, and the echo of the morning guns resounds through the Rockies. An hour later San Francisco notes the advent of the day with "13 guns at sunrise."

We had not forgotten it, and we should not have forgotten it. It was something for us to be very proud of. It was a great triumph of our militia and homebred patriots, half armed, wretchedly equipped, exceedingly poor, over regular, disciplined soldiers, abundantly supplied with material of war. But the descendants of those heroes may have talked overmuch of their achievements and prowess, while they themselves lived in profound peace and in the midst of comfort. Whether they did or not they are believed to have done so, and Fourth of Julyism is the name that was given to their so called vaunting, from the grandiloquent harangues poured forth by fervid orators on Independence day. The civil war, one of the greatest, most terrible wars of history, so eclipsed in proportion and destructiveness the Revolution, really the more heroic of the two, as virtually to put an end to Fourth of Julyism.

Our own people—those at least not well acquainted with history—have had an erroneous idea concerning the Revolution as respects the English, and have not quite recovered from it yet. They have supposed, and may still suppose, that the attempt of George III to force the colonies to return to their allegiance was a popular measure, and that its failure was to England a terrible humiliation. They have not known that the war was the king's war, and was opposed by the best and wisest of his subjects, who were rejoiced that the colonies gained their independence. Many Americans have wondered when in London that in speaking of the colonial war the English were not humiliated by mention of its compulsory termination. They would not believe the historic facts, nor could they understand that what was of so absorbing interest and importance to them should not be equally so to those who had their foes. The Revolution was our first war. The English are nearly always at war. But they have never ceased to regret the disastrous consequences to them of George III's stubbornness. The rich, privileged, influential classes of England sided at first, as is well known, with the south in the civil war, but the English people sided with the north. As the struggle continued the north gained friends rapidly on the other side, and at its close the north was landed highly by tens of thousands who had been inimical to it. Both sections of England had fought so valiantly, had shown such fortitude, that the whole nation, only then strictly such, sprang into transatlantic favor. England and all Great Britain recognized the fact that even if Americans had been boastful they had good reason for boasting, and that we and they are largely of the same stock. The Britons, notably the English, are prone to find in peoples whom they specially admire a medium at least of their own blood to account in part for their admiration.

As the hours pass the almost continuous Fourth of July celebration goes on half way around the world, with cannon boomin', banners waving, bands playing, military and civic parades, feats of strength and prowess, games and sports innumerable and patriotic orations galore, and ends in a blaze of pyrotechnic glory. When the fireworks are lighting up the Atlantic coast towns and our island of the West Indies, the sun of a new day has risen in the Philippines. So passes into history the Fourth of July, 1899, and its celebration around the world.

THE LIBERTY BIRD.

Far June with its blossoms,

Rare June with its tunes,

Has faded and gone with

A million dead Junes.

Its songs are a mem'ry,

Its fragrance a dream.

The song we now hear is

The eagle's shrill scream.

The robin of April

Charmed us for a day,

The song of Maytime

Entered with a gay lay,

And the lark all through June

With pleasure was heard.

We leave them to list to

The Liberty bird.

Ah, grand are the measures

That sweep the wild winds!

What scenes its wild winds!

To memory brings!

The echoes of triumph

From many a field,

The clashing of sabers—

That patriot wild,

The shriekin' of bullets,

The cannon's dread roar,

And an anthem of peace

When the battle is o'er!

North, east, south and west

And over the sea

Is ringing the music—

A song of the free!

Ah, shriek on, proud eagle!

Your music is best!

Your song finds an echo

In every true breast,

And at home or abroad,

Where your music is heard,

The oppressed rise and bless

The Liberty bird.

ARTHUR J. BURDICK.

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M R. C. SHULTS, of Winterset, Iowa, Inventor and manufacturer of Shultz's Safety Whiffle-tree Coupling, writes of Dr. Miles' Heart Cure. "Two years ago an attack of LaGripe left me with a weak heart. I had run down in health to mere skin and bone. I could not sleep lying down for smothering spells; frequent sharp darting pains and palpitation caused a constant fear of sudden death, nothing could induce me to remain away from home over night. My local physician prescribed Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and in a few days was able to sleep well and the pains gradually lessened, and finally ceased. I reduced the doses, having gained fifteen pounds, and am now feeling better in every way than I have for years."

Dr. Miles' Remedies are sold by all druggists under a positive guarantee, first bottle or money refunded. Book on diseases of the heart and nerves free. Address, DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.



THE REPUBLICAN

OFFICIAL PAPER OF SEYMORE.

JAY C. SMITH, Editors and Publishers.

DAILY.

One Year	\$6.00
Two Months	2.50
Three Months	1.25
One Month	.65
One Week	.10

WEEKLY.

One Year in Advance	\$100
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Telephone No. 422

TUESDAY, JULY 4 1899.

In order to give our office force a half holiday the REPUBLICAN goes to press at 9:30 today.

The report of the First National Bank published in this issue shows this institution to be in excellent financial condition. The business is conducted along the same careful lines which have characterized it since its organization, and which have placed it high in the confidence of our people.

More democratic trouble ahead low sure. The Columbus Democrat has come out in a column article, double measure, denouncing the democracy of Editor Mors of the Indianapolis Sentinel and calling that already famous interview of his son. That means trouble. It probably means a division of the party in the state. One element will follow the lead of Mors and the other will follow the lead of the Columbus Democrat which has a plurality of editorial writers and therefore are in the majority over Mr. Mors.

SOUTH DRIFTWOOD.

Attendance at Sunday school 72, collection 22 cents.

James Sneed and Everett Crow and families visited in Washington county Sunday.

The stone is being quarried and the drick is placed in position ready to begin work on the bridge.

Miss Gertrude Hughes, of Pea Ridge, has been staying with her sister, Mrs. Morton Bennett for the last two weeks.

Floyd Thompson is gaining in flesh and strength, but is still confined to his bed on account of his leg. We are sorry we can not report so favorable in regard to J. R. Elliott.

While we do not doubt the statement made by the Pleasant Grove correspondent that James C. Bland has profited by the use of printer's ink in selling binders, mowers, etc., he has also profited by the hustling efforts of himself and his agent, S. M. Hotchkiss.

No Right to Unhappiness.

The woman who is lovely in face, form and temper will always have friends, but one who would be attractive must keep her health. If she is weak, sickly and all run down, she will be nervous and irritable. If she has constipation or kidney trouble, her impure blood will cause pimples, blotches, skin eruptions and wretched complexion. Electric Bitters is the best medicine in the world to regulate stomach, liver and kidneys and to purify the blood. It gives strong nerves, bright eyes, smooth velvety skin, rich complexion. It will make a good looking, charming woman of a run down invalid. Only 50 cents at W. F. Peters' drug store.

ASTOWAWAY SLEUTH

ODL VOCATION OF AN OLD SAN FRANCISCO BOATMAN.

He Runs His Prey to Water Instead of to Earth—How the Stowaways Get Aboard Ship and How They Generally Come to Grief.

Down by the city's sea wall a queer man pursues a queer vocation. He is a water front "character," and his business is the sleuthing of stowaways.

He doesn't run his prey to earth, however, after the manner of other hunters of human game. He runs it to water.

This weather hardened, wrinkled man is at once the terror and the friend of would be stowaways. He is known as Captain Jack, but his name has half a dozen variations, all of which smack of the salt, salt sea. These are some of his aliases: Wharf Rat, Water Fowl, Sea Dog, Whaler, Old Man Jack and The Boatman.

His stock in trade consists of his shrewdness in "spotting a stow" and a battered but seaworthy old boat which rides the water by night and day through successive seasons. The town's attractions do not lure him from his long accustomed haunts among the masts, figureheads, piers and piles, nets, suds, strings and multitudinous varieties of merchandise that crowd the bay's edge.

Captain Jack came out of his shell of reserve long enough the other day to tell a bit of what he knows about that venturesome creature of chance, the stowaway, who would fain voyage out of port without the previous formality of paying for passenger privileges.

"I've been in this business a long time," he said, "an I can generally spot a 'stow.'

Different ones has different methods. Some hangs round the docks before a ship sails, offerin to lend a hand, or proposin to work a passage somewhere. When they find this don't go the way they want it to, they commence to talk big—ask 'bout sea weather, the cost of a cruise, the time it takes to get to the islands or Alaska or Panama. They're always just a-goin to make the trip. But there's somethin so hungry an homesick an tired lookin about 'em that it gives 'em dead away—leastways it does to a person who's spent a good many years studyin their kind.

"Others, though, wait till the last minute, then come hustlin along as if they was too rushed to buy a ticket or as if they had one in their pocket. Why, I've even been asked by 'em to row 'em out to a sh'p after she'd got clear out into the stream. If a skipper happens to be good natured, he'll slack up an take passengers aboard. An after all that bother I've had to bring 'em back again, for nary a red did they have."

"This class of deadheads is gen'rally supplied with clothes, gimpacks, hatboxes, steamer trunks, canes, umbrellas, cameras, foldin chairs an sometimes a servant."

"Not a valet?"

"Sure. That's what we sailors call puttin on a terrible lot of dog. Theirs the fellers that always has friends 'mong gunvors, rajahs, lords, dukes an consuls, an likewise money to burn—but always across the water somewhere. I don't mind the men, but I hate to tackle a woman."

"Women stowaways?"

"Sure. When the Klondike boom was on, I used to bring in as many women as men. Some was only girls—little slim things, goin to the icy gold mines with no more outfit than the thin clothes they stod in."

"The easiest part of the stow's plan in makin an escape is the gittin aboard. Nobody knows who's who the day a ship's leavin port. If she's crowded so much the better. The stow can hide in the hold without bein spied. But it's mighty hard to git past the Heads, for by that time the ship's been searched an the stows yanked out on deck."

Captain Jack spoke truly. The stowaway who passes the Heads has run the gauntlet safely—unless an incoming vessel be at hand to convey the intruder back again.

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LOST A BIG FORTUNE.

THE STORY OF A NERVOY BLUFF IN A GAME OF POKER.

The Southern Colonel Had the Eastern Plunger Sized Up Properly, but Lost Confidence In His Own Hand at the Wrong Moment.

Big games on the Mississippi river steamer, where poker flourished at its best, were by no means the only instances wherein fortunes were made and lost on the turn of a card. The record of the game wherein Pete Welch, a noted eastern plunger, met Colonel Wallace of South Carolina is regarded as one of the stiffest battles on the green baize ever fought in any land. Wallace was very wealthy, a heavy slave owner and an extremely lucky man at cards. He was, as every southern gentleman was and is, perfectly honorable, and his victories were the admiration of his friends. Pete was a gambler by profession, had plenty of money and was full of nerve; so a battle between the two was certain to be of absorbing interest.

When Colonel Wallace heard that Welch was coming to meet him, he calmly replied he would be ready. He said he had a limit fixed, and, if the gambler went beyond that, he would drop out and let the money go. Welch came on, the colonel was notified and the date set for the game. It was to take place in a club where no games were supposed to go on. The colonel drove to town, met the enemy and a number of friends, had drinks all around and the two men sat in for a single handed game. They commenced at \$100 jack pots, and at first the colonel's luck stuck to him. He won steadily, but the gambler was game and met him.

At last the tide turned, and the cards began to fall to Pete. He won until all the gold in front of Wallace passed to his side of the table. Wallace became fierce and took all kinds of chances, losing his head in a manner, drinking heavily, while his opponent coolly played his hands for all they were worth. When Wallace had passed in his last stack, he pushed back his chair and said his pile was gone. Then he said:

"Welch, you've got an even \$80,000 there if you will count it. I brought that much with me, and I may have been foolish. I believe if I had more I could get it all from you in half a dozen hands."

"I'll gladly give you a chance, colonel. Perhaps some of your friends here can accommodate you?"

Nobody spoke. The colonel rattled on the table.

"Welch," he said when the silence got oppressive, "I have no more ready cash, but I have property that is as good as gold any day right here in this town. I never did it before, but I will play you 24 of my best slaves against \$50,000. The negroes are worth fully that amount, as these gentlemen will testify. The slaves are the best in the state, but if you think the value too high we can arrange it otherwise. Will you finish the game?"

"If these gentlemen say the slaves are worth that much, then fix your price while I count this money. I never like to turn my back to a good thing."

Everybody got up and took a drink on the new game. When the papers were arranged, the players got a new deck of cards, and there was not a word passed while the cards were being shuffled. The sky was to be the limit until the \$50,000 was reached. Wallace's sporting blood was up, and he seemed determined to lose all quickly or get it back in the same swift gait. He took desperate chances in drawing and accepted foolish bets.

The end was drawing near. Welch was dealing, and bad shuffling on the previous hands had left considerable money in the pot. Welch was ahead on the winnings. The colonel looked at his hand and opened the pot for \$1,000. Welch stretched his eyes and then looked at his hand. He raised it to \$1,000. Without raising his head the colonel raised back \$2,000, and Welch saw it. He went \$1,000, better, and the colonel stopped raising. The players were less excited than any of the other men in the room. Pete took the cards and asked the colonel:

"How many?"

"Two cards," he said.

"None here," put in the dealer.

The colonel took the two cards and looked at them quickly. Then he stuck them behind the others. "I'll start this on \$5,000," he said. Welch looked at his hand again and took the bet. He went \$5,000 more. The colonel raised another \$5,000. Welch saw it and raised another, and the colonel raised still another \$5,000.

"Well, I've got just \$10,000 here you can have if you can get it," said Welch, and he tossed in the chips. The colonel studied his hand.

"I've got only \$5,000," he said, "and I think you've got me, even if it is a bad thing to say."

With that Wallace tossed the cards on the table, and Welch took the pot. It was a clean case of bluff on Pete's part.

In all Conditions of Debility



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Pabst Malt Extract The Best Tonic

is just the nutritive tonic you need. It gives tone to the stomach, and stimulates the appetite. It aids the digestion of food, and brings refreshing sleep.

ASTOWAWAY SLEUTH

ODL VOCATION OF AN OLD SAN FRANCISCO BOATMAN.

He Runs His Prey to Water Instead of to Earth—How the Stowaways Get Aboard Ship and How They Generally Come to Grief.

Down by the city's sea wall a queer man pursues a queer vocation. He is a water front "character," and his business is the sleuthing of stowaways.

He doesn't run his prey to earth, however, after the manner of other hunters of human game. He runs it to water.

This weather hardened, wrinkled man is at once the terror and the friend of would be stowaways. He is known as Captain Jack, but his name has half a dozen variations, all of which smack of the salt, salt sea. These are some of his aliases: Wharf Rat, Water Fowl, Sea Dog, Whaler, Old Man Jack and The Boatman.

His stock in trade consists of his shrewdness in "spotting a stow" and a battered but seaworthy old boat which rides the water by night and day through successive seasons. The town's attractions do not lure him from his long accustomed haunts among the masts, figureheads, piers and piles, nets, suds, strings and multitudinous varieties of merchandise that crowd the bay's edge.

Big games on the Mississippi river steamer, where poker flourished at its best, were by no means the only instances wherein fortunes were made and lost on the turn of a card. The record of the game wherein Pete Welch, a noted eastern plunger, met Colonel Wallace of South Carolina is regarded as one of the stiffest battles on the green baize ever fought in any land. Wallace was very wealthy, a heavy slave owner and an extremely lucky man at cards. He was, as every southern gentleman was and is, perfectly honorable, and his victories were the admiration of his friends. Pete was a gambler by profession, had plenty of money and was full of nerve; so a battle between the two was certain to be of absorbing interest.

When Colonel Wallace heard that Welch was coming to meet him, he calmly replied he would be ready. He said he had a limit fixed, and, if the gambler went beyond that, he would drop out and let the money go. Welch came on, the colonel was notified and the date set for the game. It was to take place in a club where no games were supposed to go on. The colonel drove to town, met the enemy and a number of friends, had drinks all around and the two men sat in for a single handed game. They commenced at \$100 jack pots, and at first the colonel's luck stuck to him. He won steadily, but the gambler was game and met him.

At last the tide turned, and the cards began to fall to Pete. He won until all the gold in front of Wallace passed to his side of the table. Wallace became fierce and took all kinds of chances, losing his head in a manner, drinking heavily, while his opponent coolly played his hands for all they were worth. When Wallace had passed in his last stack, he pushed back his chair and said his pile was gone. Then he said:

"Welch, you've got an even \$80,000 there if you will count it. I brought that much with me, and I may have been foolish. I believe if I had more I could get it all from you in half a dozen hands."

"I'll gladly give you a chance, colonel. Perhaps some of your friends here can accommodate you?"

Nobody spoke. The colonel rattled on the table.

"Welch," he said when the silence got oppressive, "I have no more ready cash, but I have property that is as good as gold any day right here in this town. I never did it before, but I will play you 24 of my best slaves against \$50,000. The negroes are worth fully that amount, as these gentlemen will testify. The slaves are the best in the state, but if you think the value too high we can arrange it otherwise. Will you finish the game?"

"If these gentlemen say the slaves are worth that much, then fix your price while I count this money. I never like to turn my back to a good thing."

Everybody got up and took a drink on the new game. When the papers were arranged, the players got a new deck of cards, and there was not a word passed while the cards were being shuffled. The sky was to be the limit until the \$50,000 was reached. Wallace's sporting blood was up, and he seemed determined to lose all quickly or get it back in the same swift gait. He took desperate chances in drawing and accepted foolish bets.

The end was

WALL PAPER

NEW DESIGNS AND NOVEL COLORINGS

Prescription Department.

It is our aim to make this department perfection itself. We can assure you that only the best and freshest drugs are used by us in our prescriptions.

Proprietary Medicines.

A full line of goods of this nature can be found constantly in stock, and owing to our unequalled facilities for buying we are in a position to supply you with any or all proprietary preparations at the most reasonable figures.

Cigars.

Is a complete supply of all the leading brands of cigars any inducement to our particular friends? Have you some particular reason you are compelled to go some distance out of your way to obtain? If so, speak to us of it. Let us get it for you.

Soda.

Let us demonstrate to you personally our right to claim superiority in dispensing soda water. All our syrups are made from fresh fruit juices, no acid extracts of any kind being used in their manufacture. Our soda water is carbonated to the highest degree of carbonation by a special process. By the use of the best of materials, combined with skill in making, we guarantee you unsurpassed results.

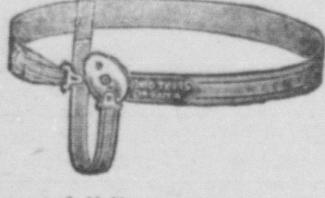
Sundry Articles.

Of articles of this nature we carry a complete stock. If unable to get it for you save time, trouble and expense.

We should be pleased to deliver prescriptions or other purchases at your home at any time.

W. F. PETER'S PHARMACY.

Do You Want a Good, Always Fitting Truss for All Purposes?



We have a full line and pay special attention to fitting them.

Bear's Den Pharmacy,

Third and Ewing St., Seymour.

F. W. WESNER, LAWYER.

All business entrusted to me will receive prompt attention. Collection of accounts and notes a specialty.

OFFICE—No. 15, North Chestnut street. Over Wente's shoe store.

WEATHER INDICATIONS

CHICAGO, ILL., July 3.—Indiana BEALS.

FOR RENT—A cottage. See John Lauster.

Blackberries, oranges, bananas, Hancock's.

Free at the New Lynn Bar, fried chicken, fish and roast beef tonight.

3:2 JOHN LUSTIG, Mgr.

Mrs. George Hiewig went to Shelbyville last evening to visit her sister-in-law, Mrs. Robert Melvin.

Mrs. Ella Lucas, of St. Louis, arrived last evening to spend some time with relatives and friends.

Miss Ermie Kennard and Lulu Aufterheide went to Columbus last evening to visit friends and relatives.

Mrs. C. M. Holand and daughters, Misses Belle and Daisy, and many others went to Bedford this morning to enjoy the Fourth.

Matt Cochrane of Brownstown, is in the city visiting relatives.....Miss Basie Montgomery of Seymour, arrived here this morning to visit the Misses Wells.....Columbus Republican.

Rev. John W. Huber, who is an intensely patriotic citizen, arose this morning and as his custom on July 4 played on the organ and sang all the patriotic songs he knew.

One of the Abel boys brought a fifty-five pound catfish in this morning from Rockford where he caught it last night. This is the largest one taken from the river here this season.

John Q. Larman of the "Q" route, came here this morning to spend the Fourth with friends.

Albert S. Johnson, of the S. Louis terminals is home to enjoy the Fourth with his father D. W. Johnson and family.

John L. Patrick who has been at Jeffersonville, New Albany and Corydon organizing Winona reading circles, is at home to spend the Fourth. He returns to Jeffersonville tonight and then goes to Charlesburg.

Advertised Letters. The following is the list of letters remaining in the postoffice at this place and it not called for within 14 days will be sent to the dead letter office:

LADIES GENTS

Armon G W Mrs Dwyer John

Cooley C O Mrs Hammerly Joseph

Eiderman H E Mrs Johnson & Son B

Faber D M Mrs McKinley Fred

Forbes H E Mrs Moore Andy F

Newton C E Mrs

Warren H E Mrs

Werner—Mrs

BORN

To Mr. and Mrs. R. Waterbury, July 4.

La Grippe is surely contagious. Dr. Miles Restorative Nervine is a sure preventive.

The Glorious Fourth.

There are several Independence Day celebrations in Jackson county. At Medora preparations have been made for a big day and doubtless a good crowd is present. The Nightingale Band went down to furnish music.

At Freetown two celebrations have been advertised at groves less than a half mile apart. They are counting on an enormous crowd out there and a general good time. John M. Lewis will make an address in one of the groves.

At Norman Station great preparations were made and the inducements offered will bring out a large crowd there. They have a good program.

At Crothersville where they celebrate every year they have made elaborate preparations to entertain and amuse the people. Several speakers are down or addresses.

Several parties went out from Seymour and are spending the day in nearby groves and along the river. The Uniform Rank went to Shelbyville to participate in the celebration of the Glorious Fourth there. With them went a dozen or two who will contribute to the applause when the boys are giving their exhibition drill.

Those at home are generally resting quietly, giving little thought to their every day cares of business, probably reading again the Declaration of Independence and contemplating the deeds of the Revolutionary heroes.

Horse Thief Escapes.

J. H. Smith who was arrested at Franklin recently for stealing Thomas Hays' horse near Brownstown, escaped from jail Saturday night about 8:30.

Sheriff Brown was sitting with his family in the front jail yard when someone entered the residence from the rear; took the key from its nail, unlocked the cell and went out quietly with the prisoner as he had entered. So far there is no clue, but Sheriff Brown offers twenty-five dollars reward for his recapture.

BUSINESS NOTES.

A. D. Eldridge shipped a car of poultry east last night.

C. M. Younger and family of Washington county were here last evening to shop.

Clark Phagley began threshing 100 acres of wheat this morning on the Allen Crane farm in Hamilton township.

Trustee D. H. Waters and B. H. Lett of Crothersville were here last evening and favored the REPUBLICAN with a social call.

Misses Minnie Cordes and Lydia Flenniken of Seymour, are the guests of Misses Nellie Judah and Leah Giles—Bedford Mail.

Mrs. Alice Stallsworth of Pinson, Ill., who has visited Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Staples went to Clark county last evening to visit her mother.

Harrell, twelve year old son of Curt Robertson near Cortland, who has been very dangerously ill of appendicitis has taken a change for the better.

Mrs. Charles Newman and Misses Bettie and Ella Reddinger, of Indianapolis are here to spend the Fourth with John Reddinger and family.

L. L. Bartlett and son Hermon, Mrs. George Bartlett and son and Mrs. Hallock EuDaly and children went to West Baden Sunday to visit relatives and friends.

John L. Patrick who has been at Jeffersonville, New Albany and Corydon organizing Winona reading circles, is at home to spend the Fourth. He returns to Jeffersonville tonight and then goes to Charlesburg.

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BORN

To Mr. and Mrs. R. Waterbury, July 4.

La Grippe is surely contagious. Dr. Miles Restorative Nervine is a sure preventive.

PHILIP WILHELM, P. M.

PERSONAL

Mrs. John Cobb went to Lett's Monday to visit her mother.

A. W. Benham and family are visiting friends at Columbus.

B. F. Stone, of the Midland line is here to enjoy the Fourth.

Rev. J. L. Shroyer went to Liberty last night to spend the Fourth.

Miss Rose Muldoon, of Loogootee, came up last evening to see friends.

Miss Laura Hord is at Columbus visiting her sister, Mrs. Clinton Wood.

Mrs. James Phagley, of Redding township, is very sick of malarial fever.

Mail Messenger Frank Woodmansee came home Monday to visit his family.

Miss Sudie Smith of Columbus, is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. J. O. Staples.

Mrs. Henry Hoffmier and Miss Gertie Moritz are visiting friends at Columbus.

Miss Mary Mason, of Bedford, is spending the Fourth with Miss Laura Lane.

Norman EuDaly and wife of Indianapolis, are here visiting relatives and friends.

Mr. Charles H. Spray went to Indianapolis last night to visit friends till tomorrow.

Carl Andrews of Connersville, is the guest of J. H. Andrews and family for a few days.

A. W. Thayer of Elkhorn, was here Monday purchasing goods for the Fourth.

C. M. Drake and wife of Washington county, drove here last evening to purchase goods.

M. R. Jones and wife of Jennings, came here this morning to spend the day with friends.

Mrs. Elias Champion went to Shelbyville last evening to visit her daughter, Mrs. John Miles.

John A. Kellar and family went to Shelbyville last evening to spend the Fourth with friends.

W. F. Kaiser and sister, Mrs. Petterly of Pittsburgh, Pa., are here to visit Christie Ahlbrand.

Henry Niemeyer and wife went to Cloverdale last evening to visit her father John Meigel.

Mrs. Mary M. Fitch and Miss Minnie Sarver went last night to Chicago to attend summer school.

Tipton Ross, son of John A. Ross went to Bloomington Monday to spend some time with Paul Doddridge.

Leander Tucker, wife and daughter, of Brownstown went to Columbus last evening to spend the Fourth.

Trustee D. H. Waters and B. H. Lett of Crothersville were here last evening and favored the REPUBLICAN with a social call.

Misses Minnie Cordes and Lydia Flenniken of Seymour, are the guests of Misses Nellie Judah and Leah Giles—Bedford Mail.

The pleasant flavor, gentle action, and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be constive or bilious, the most gratifying results follows its use, so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

SPRAYTOWN.

Mrs. W. B. Weekly and Miss Anna Slater are sick.

There is talk of building a new church here. Push it along.

Fred Long was a business visitor at Waymansville Monday.

John Radish, one of our pioneers, says he is 88½ years of age.

A number from here attended church at High Mound Sunday.

Rev. Church filled his regular appointment here Sunday.

Cotto Marshall has completed painting Fred Denny's house.

Leonard Harvey and Wm. Brown were at Seymour Monday.

Chas. Huber and Ed. Lauster, of Indianapolis are visiting here.

August Graf and Fred Denny were at Seymour Friday on business.

Several of the Surprise boys were bicycle riding over here Sunday.

A. J. Rutan and Wm. Ault are hauling a lot of ties to Freetown for the S. I.

A gentleman from Columbus was here Sunday evening hunting a stray horse.

James Judd went to Cortland last week to complete a granary for Daniel Walker.

W. B. Weekly made his first trip with the mail from here to Freetown Saturday.

We are glad to see that Sparksville is represented in the corps of correspondents.

While Henry Graf is not firing on the B. & O. he is firing Henry Huber's threshing engine.

The farmers have begun hauling in their wheat as there is poor prospect for a machine at present.

While H. W. White was raking his hay Friday his horse became entangled in the harness causing a complete demobilization of the rake, but no damage was done to the horse.

Mrs. Elias Champion went to Shelbyville last evening to visit her daughter, Mrs. John Miles.

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Excursion to Los Angeles, Cal., via Pennsylvania Lines.

June 6th to July 7th inclusive, for National Educational Association Annual Meeting, excursion tickets will be sold to Los Angeles, Cal., via Pennsylvania Lines; return coupons valid until September 5th. Additional information will be cheerfully given by local ticket agent of Pennsylvania Lines; or W. W. Richardson, D. P. Agent, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Nebraska-Colorado Express.

A NEW TRAIN.

From June 4th the Burlington Route puts into its passenger service for the Far West a new fast daily afternoon train from St. Louis to Denver, leaving St. Louis at 2:30 p. m., arriving at Denver at 7:00 p. m. One night en route. Direct via St. Joseph, Pintz lights equipment, vestibuled sleepers and the Burlington's famous chair cars (seats free).

Travelers starting at St. Louis in the morning have several hours stop over privilege.

This is the middle way, the scenic way, to the Pacific Coast.

Weekly California Excursions, personally conducted—from St. Louis every Wednesday night.

For details, ask your ticket agent or F. M. Kwo, Trav. Pass's Agent, St. Louis; M. L. W. WAKELEY, Gen. Pass. Agt.; HOWARD ELLIOTT, Gen. Mgr.

N. E. A., Los Angeles, Cal., via B. & O. S. W. Ry.

Tickets will be sold at one fare for the round trip plus \$2 on June 24th to July 7th, 1899, final return limit September 6, 1899.

J. F. HONAN, Tkt. Agt.

BEDFORD ROUTE Southern Indiana Railway

Time Table of Passenger Trains
Effective May 14th, 1899.

WEST BOUND TRAINS.

STATIONS.	Week Days.		Sundays.		
	No. 1	No. 3	No. 9	No 5	No. 7
Leave.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Greensburg	7:00	7:00	7:15	7:15	7:15
Forrester	7:15	7:15	7:30	7:30	7:30
Jeff's Corner	7:16	7:16	7:40	7:40	7:40
Westport	7:25	7:25	7:45	7:45	7:45
Archbold	7:33	7:33	7:50	7:50	7:50
Leiter	7:40	7:40	7:55	7:55	7:55
Hammer	7:47	7:47	7:58	7:58	7:58
Hazebrooktown	7:55	7:55	8:07	8:07	8:08
Zane	8:02	8:02	8:15	8:15	8:15
Edington	8:09	8:09	8:30	8:30	8:30
Edgar	8:23	8:23	8:45	8:45	8:45
Ortland	8:33	8:33	8:47	8:47	8:48
Enterprise	8:48	8:48	8:57	8:57	8:57
Franklin	8:55	8:55	9:05	9:05	9:05
Leutz	9:03	9:03	9:10	9:10	9:10
Orman	9:16	9:16	9:20	9:20	9:20
Elma	9:22	9:22	9:30	9:30	9:30
Eden	9:29	9:29	9:38	9:38	9:38
Edensburg	9:41	9:41	9:52	9:44	9:38
Edenton	10:30	10:50	10:20	10:20	10:35
Exton	10:33	7:07	12:55	10:33	7:07
Edgar	10:45	7:18	1:45	10:45	7:18
Rockport	10:52	7:25	1:52	10:52	7:25
Mount Olive	10:52	7:27	1:50	10:52	7:27
Ale	10:59	7:32	2:00	10:59	7:32
Indian Springs	11:02	7:37	2:05	11:02	7:37
Waukegan	7:27	7:27	5:00	7:27	7:27
Lakeport	7:28	7:28	5:00	7:28	7:28
Waukegan	7:29	7:29	5:00	7:29	7:29
Waukegan	11:13	11:13	11:08	7:45	7:45
Waukegan	11:23	7:57	5:25	11:23	7:57
Waukegan	11:37	8:09	5:35	11:37	8:09
Waukegan	11:55	8:05	6:00	11:55	8:05
Waukegan	12:00	8:38	6:30	12:00	8:38
Washington	9:00	9:00	8:30	9:00	8:30
Leave.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
PHILIP WILHELM, P. M.					

Excursion to Detroit, Mich., via Pennsylvania Lines.

The 18th International Christian Endeavor Convention will be in session at Detroit, Michigan, during July. Excursion tickets for this event will be sold July 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th from ticket stations on Pennsylvania Lines, return coupons valid July 15th. For information about the journey, official train schedule, special arrangement for extension of return limit, etc., please call upon local ticket agent of Pennsylvania Lines.

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LADIES GENTS

Cox Eileen Mrs Catterton Shirley Crofton Carrie M Mrs Fish John W Mitchell Martha Harry — Mr. Shreter Ida Mrs McKeand James H Raflignore Lizzie Miss

PHILIP WILHELM, P. M.

Beautiful Indian Springs.

This property has lately been secured by the Southern Indiana Hotel Co. The old hotel has been demolished and a new one is now in course of erection. This will be a magnificent stone structure with all modern improvements; but will not be ready this season.

There has always been more or less excursion business and parties who go there to enjoy the water. The dance hall, spring house, summer pavilion, bowling alley and club house have been left standing and may be used by excursionists and picnic parties.

To accommodate this business the Southern Indiana Railway will put in rates for excursion parties and picnics; and has also arranged special Sunday train schedule, giving patrons along the entire length of the line an opportunity to spend the day at the Springs and return home the same evening.

H. H. ROSEMAN, G. P. & T. A.

Louisville Division.

Pennsylvania Lines.

Schedule of Passenger Trains-Central Time

Southward. 10 12 30 15 10 12 138

Southward. 10 12 30 15 10 12 138